Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauy husband,
And neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: y'are welcome home my Lord.
Baſſ. I thanke you Madame, giue welcome to my friend,
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
For as I heare, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe,
It muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.
Gra. By yonder Moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it (Loue) ſo much at hart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did giue me, whoſe poeſie was
For all the world like Cutlers poetry
Vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the poeſie or the value;
You ſwore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You ſhould haue beene reſpectiue, and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke; no God's my Iudge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra.

Gra. He will, and if he liue t
Ner. I, if a woman liue to be
Gra. Now by this hand *I* gau
A kinde of boy, a little ſcrubbe
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iu
A prating boy that begd it as a
I could not for my heart deny it
Por. You were too blame, I m
To part ſo ſlightly with your w
A thing ſtucke on with oaths v
And ſo riueted with faith vnto
I gaue my Loue a ring, and mad
Neuer to part with it, and heere
I dare be ſworne for him he wo
Nor plucke it from his finger, fo
That the world maſters. Now i
You giue your wife too vnkind
And twere to me I ſhould be m
Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut
And ſweare I loſt the Ring def
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue
Vnto the Iudge that begd it, ar
Deſeru'd it to: and then the bo
That tooke ſome paines in writ
And neither man nor maſter w
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gaue you my
Not that I hope which you rcei
Baſſ. If I could adde a lye vnt
I would deny it: but you ſee m
Hath not the ring vpon it, it is
Por. Euen ſo void is your falſ
By heauen I will nere come in y
Vntill I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I againe ſee mine.